  William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)

**THE SECOND COMING**

    Turning and turning in the widening gyre   
    The falcon cannot hear the falconer;   
    Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;   
    Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,   
    The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere   
    The ceremony of innocence is drowned;   
    The best lack all conviction, while the worst   
    Are full of passionate intensity.

    Surely some revelation is at hand;   
    Surely the Second Coming is at hand.   
    The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out   
    When a vast image out of Spiritus Mundi   
    Troubles my sight: a waste of desert sand;   
    A shape with lion body and the head of a man,   
    A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,   
    Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it   
    Wind shadows of the indignant desert birds.   
    The darkness drops again but now I know   
    That twenty centuries of stony sleep   
    Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,   
    And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,   
    Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?